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**GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.**—It is the intention of the Members of this Society to have a Jubilee Dinner on the 3d of September, as this is the fiftieth year of their establishment, in honour of the birth-day of their founder the patriotic Mr. Owen Jones, whose inestimable exertions in the cause of Welsh literature are too well known, and too generally appreciated, to need any eulogium here. There can be no doubt, therefore, that due honour will be done by the Society to an occasion, at once so interesting to themselves, and so honourable to their country.

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**WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.**—It will be seen by an advertisement accompanying this number, that the Report of the proceedings of this Eisteddfod, as well as the Poems, which were produced on the occasion, are now published: and they cannot fail to interest all those, who take any delight in the spirit of literary inquiry now excited in Wales. The Report, in particular, is drawn with judgment, copiousness, and fidelity, and will always remain an accurate and important memorial of one of the most interesting assemblies that ever Wales presented to the admirers of our national lore. It would, perhaps, be an act of injustice, even if space permitted, to make any large extracts; but something is due to the occasion, and the reader may besides be the more induced by a short specimen to consult the publication itself. The following brief passage, therefore, extracted from the speech of Mr. Heber will be admired not merely as conveying the sentiments of an Englishman, and a gentleman of distinguished talent, but as being remarkably applicable to the occasion on which it was delivered.

“‘Though not myself a Welshman, and though I have not the good fortune to be able to appreciate, any otherwise than through the medium of translation, the treasures of your elder Bards, I cannot at all forget that it is from them Gray and Southey have borrowed some of the most striking poetry which my own language contains, or that the British tongue had already attained a high degree of cultivation. Nor can I forget that in the pedigree of almost all existing tongues, and in the history of all civilized nations, a knowledge of your antiquities is necessary to a certain extent, whether to the Philologist or the Antiquary; inasmuch as they were your ancestors, who first colonized the widest and fairest regions of Europe, and who have left behind them, intermixed with the language of their successors, and impressed on the most striking features of nature from Caucasus to Denmark, the traces of their previous occupancy.

“ ‘But even, if the language of the Cymry were less ancient, or its stores less valuable, yet so long as it is the living language of half a million of our fellow christians, and fellow subjects, it must richly deserve, and abundantly repay, whatever labour or encouragement may be bestowed on its cultivation. It is evident to all, who consider the subject with attention, that, as every man *thinks* in his mother tongue, so whoever is compelled to express himself in a language, different from that in which his conceptions are formed, is, however unconsciously, compelled to the act of translation. But we all of us know from a comparison of those classic writers which we read in the original with even the best translation, which modern talent and learning can supply, how much is lost in the course of such a transmutation: how much of fire, how much of originality evaporates, and how greatly the sharp touches of genius are effaced from each succeeding impression.’ ”

#### LITERATURE.

BLEDDYN.—A “Welsh National Tale” has recently been produced under this title by Mr. W. S. Wickenden, “Bard of the Forest,” and author of “Count Glarus of Switzerland,” and of which indeed a prospective notice has already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON\*. In addition to this it was in contemplation to offer in the present Number a general review of this “nation tale;” but a considerable influx of original communications in the course of the last month, added to the circumstance of this being the last Number of the Volume, has occasioned an abandonment of this design, and obliges us to confine our remarks to a few of the most prominent features of the work. And to these if possible shall be subjoined one or two extracts.

It is impossible not to admit, that the Tale of “Bleddyn” evinces proofs of no common talent; and, when the situation in life of the writer,—who “is devoted to husbandry, and is as little blessed by education as fortune,”—is taken into consideration, the credit due to him is greatly enhanced. But, however desirable it may be on this account to encourage his present attempt, and however invidious the task of repressing, in the least degree, the flight of talent, there is a point however, to which we must still pay a paramount regard, without any reference to the considerations alluded to. *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* Under the influence of this impression it is, that we feel we cannot bestow an unqualified encomium on Mr. Wickenden’s publication without compromising those very interests,

\* Vol ii. p. 46.